

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 10.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES

The Work of the Week in the General Assembly—The Bill to Regulate the Liquor Traffic Other Reform Measure Adopted.

THE Senatorial situation remains unchanged, except our Democratic friends show by their shifting vote that had they won the election, there would not have been harmony in their ranks.

In previous years the two schools of physicians have been at variance as to legislation but this session the societies are united with individual opposition. The "exhibitant" fee of examination is the object of contention.

Representative Wilson introduced on Wednesday a bill to provide a board of public education for Newport. The school districts Nos. 21 and 27 are divided into three districts, and then consolidated by the bill. The new board is authorized to issue bonds and build a new public school house at a cost not to exceed \$7,000, bonds to be due in twenty years, but may be redeemed sooner.

A bill is before the Senate to prohibit gunning next season, a measure of legislative condonance to game, as it were, for the suffering endured during the recent severe weather.

A bill for the punishment of tramps has been introduced in the House. Recollections of the expense to the tax payers of the tramp law some years ago, should attract attention to the provisions of the bill.

The Senate has passed the House bill, raising the age of consent from 15 to 18 years, and it is now a law. Senators Pierce Harrington and Fennimore opposed its passage.

The Senate on Monday killed the bill authorizing the Levy Court of this county to pay one half the cost of fixing up the banks owned by the St. Georges Marsh Company in order to keep up the public roads protected by the banks.

A bill has been introduced in the House to regulate the liquor traffic. It requires a majority of the residents of a school district to sign a license application; prohibits the employment of women or minors and the sale in clubs except to members. The "bottle law" repeal bill passed the House last week in the presence of a large delegation of ladies, headed by Mrs. Chancellor Wolcott, who sang the doxology to the members as a manifestation of their approval. The Bill is now in the Senate.

The endorsement of a non-partisan constitutional convention by both Republicans and Democrats should lift that question out of politics. Several convention bills are before the General Assembly and a joint resolution to employ able counsel to draft a non-partisan measure. The members are very wisely making haste slowly in this important matter.

THE TOWN ELECTION.

Three New Commissioners Voted In On Monday.

The result of Monday's election meets with very general satisfaction and approval. The vote polled was light, but the interest manifested was somewhat intense, when once aroused. There were three tickets in the field, and 76 ballots in all were cast. The successful candidates were as follows:

For Commissioners to serve two years, S. S. Holten, 52; Geo. V. Peverley, 48; Chas. H. Howell, 40; For Assessor, D. L. Dransing, 74. For Treasurer, Leonidas Darlington, 76. For Alderman, Richard Ferguson, 76. The three latter officials to serve one year, being re-elected. The two holding over commissioners are Walter S. Letherbury and G. W. Naudain.

The new commissioners are all prominent citizens, and the best interests and welfare of the town will suffer at their hands. Mr. Holten is a native of the community and an old resident of the town, for many years the leading grocer and general produce merchant. The duties of a Town Father are not new to him as he has served in that capacity before. Mr. Peverley is a very progressive man, and the town has done well to elect him Commissioner. He is a native of Canada, having come to Delaware and settled in Middleton ten years ago. He is an extensive lumber dealer and a very practical and successful business man. Mr. Howell is a native of the town and has identified himself with every movement for the general good. He is a very careful man and will look well to the needs, necessities and resources of the city. We congratulate the voters on their choice of Commissioners, and the Town Board as a whole is a very creditable one.

We also desire to express our appreciation of the efforts of the retiring commissioners. They are entitled to our thanks, not only for what they tried to do, and did do, but also for what they did not do.

The new Board met Wednesday afternoon, and organized, making G. W. W. Naudain, President, and W. S. Letherbury, Secretary. The regular time of meeting fixed upon is the first Monday night in each month.

SURPRISE PARTY.

The McWhorter Home the Scene of Merriment.

Mr. and Mrs. F. McWhorter let loose a surprise on their daughter, Miss Viola McWhorter Tuesday evening, in the way of a party and reception to which about 20 of her young friends were invited.

It was a very pleasant company, and the evening was enjoyed as only an evening at the McWhorter home can be. Among the guests were: Misses Mary Cochran, Viola Ennis, Martha Heaton, Mary Pleasanton, Vinie Lynch, Will Beaton, Mrs. Anna Pennington, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Emerson, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Constable, Miss Bessie Reynolds, Miss Lena Pleasanton, Miss Eugenie Beaton, Mrs. J. F. Eliaison, Howard Pool, Edward Vaughan, W. G. Lockwood, G. F. Wilson, Dr. J. C. Stiles, John C. Kelley, W. Reece Walker, and Mr. Sam Poull.

Short prices will do some tall buying at Messicks.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Middletown post office which can be had by saying they are advertised: Miss Salie B. Nickerson, Mr. Alfred Hahn, Mr. Edward Biden, Mr. Sam Poull.

PERSONALITIES

Little Lines About Men and Women and What They Are Doing.

W. J. Barnett was in New York on Tuesday.

W. J. H. Lingo, of Wilmington, was in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. M. B. Burr spent several days this week in Philadelphia.

Harvey Rose, of Smyrna, spent Sunday with his mother in town.

Miss Louise Reynolds visited her Delaware City friends this week.

Howard Craddock of Philadelphia visited Middletown friends this week.

Clinton Cook, of Denton, Md., is visiting his sister Mrs. N. M. Browne.

William Scott and daughter Miss Lillie Scott are visiting in Philadelphia.

George Milnor, of Harrington, Pa., is visiting her father Thomas Cavender.

William Metten, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Middletown friends.

D. P. Barnard, Esq., of Wilmington, was in town on Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Corinne Codrill was in Philadelphia on Thursday making spring-time purchases.

Alfred Smith P. E. is being entertained by Mr. Thomas Cavender on South Broad street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson of Salisbury, Md., were guests at the M. E. Parsonage this week.

Mrs. W. B. Biggs was the guest of her mother Mrs. G. W. W. Naudain in Wilmington this week.

John T. Wilson, of Warwick, will be the new proprietor of the Howard House in Elton, so it is said.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham and Mrs. William Taylor returned home from New York on Thursday.

William Taylor and son Julian were among the Middletown visitors to Philadelphia on Thursday.

George W. Stone, Bank Examiner of Wilmington, was in town on Wednesday, the guest of William Taylor.

Samuel Merritt has been quite sick for some weeks is very much better and we hope will soon be out again.

Mrs. N. M. Brown spent several days this week in Philadelphia, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, of Salisbury, Md.

We are pleased this week to see Mrs. L. Culbertson on our streets again after the effects of fall on the slippery pavements.

Mr. S. Burstan who left Middletown for Camden, N. J., a few months ago is now ready to return. He thinks there is a race like Middletown, and expects to be home again.

He is a native of Forest Presbyterians Church and will occupy his house and superintend the manufacture of ice-cream. He is well known to the people of this community and we think Mrs. Rice is fortunate in securing the service of so reliable and popular man. She will continue the management of the store and ice-cream parlors herself.

On next Thursday evening the Ladies' Aid Society of Forest Presbyterians will give a sociable at the home of Misses Beaten on South Broad street. A pleasing program, consisting of music, recitations, etc. will be given, after which refreshments will be served by the ladies. An admission fee of 10 cents is required, the payment of which gives each guest a chance to the whole performance, including refreshments.

The condition of the roads of the country is still the subject of discussion especially among those who travel them. The snow still remains in great banks along the road sides and in many places only a single track is made as yet, and travel is rendered very difficult, the melting snow, and mud and recent rain make it anything but pleasant traveling, and the appearance of some of the teams that come to our town is a fair guide of our public highways.

—Mrs. Thos. J. Jones, of Southern California is visiting her friends in the East. She passed through town on Monday en route for Chesterfield where she will spend some time with her mother Mrs. Thomas Massey. Mrs. Jones will also visit her Middletown friends and relatives before she returns to her California home.

—Improvements.

The Middletown Open House is having some improvements that are noted with both interest and pleasure. Having leased the whole building for a period of five years, the lessees, Messrs George W. Ingram and Alex Maxwell propose to make the auditorium as attractive as possible, and alter and improve the store rooms so that they will be among the most desirable in town. The old swings in front are already removed, and workmen are busy painting, and arranging both the interior and exterior of the structure. It is designed to fit up the store room on east side to be constructed on the co-operative plan a la Wanamaker. The rooms are advertised for rent and we hope some of the old business life will return to town with the advent of spring, and the Town Hall stores will have a liberal share of the hoped-for prosperity.

—DONT'S FOR LENT.

Don't think that your sackcloth is a failure if it isn't cut in the latest style.

Don't repeat to-day what you are sure to do tomorrow. That leads to unhappiness.

Don't borrow trouble while it's Lent.

Don't mistake belligerence for repentance.

Don't bother too much about your neighbor's views of his life and the next. Make Lent a local issue.

Don't let your wife do the Lenten duties of the family, but try to live up to your better half.

Don't let charity cover too many sins.

Don't forget that gossips is the recreation of the evil one.

Don't forget that those who fast are happier than those who are fast.

Don't demand more of other men than you require from yourself.

N. Y. World.

ROLLS OF HONOR.

The following pupils have reached an average of 95 per cent. or more for the month of December.

Room No. 1.—Hattie Barnard, Mary Maxwell.

Room No. 2.—Carrie Clothier, Addie Johnson, Jessie Culbertson, Helen Smith, Julia Kelley, George Kelley.

Room No. 3.—Molly Holten, Ethel Ginn, Mrs. McGuire, Eva Whitlock, Harry Brady, John Crouch, John McGuire, Wm. Clark, Stewart Cleaver, Bertha Geary, Beanie Craddock, Grover Talbot, Maggie M. Dodd, Linda Maen, Edith Wilson, Harry Bolton, Irma Pitt, Nora Moore, Nina Geary, Eliza Jones, Lizzie Holten, Lillie Downey, Helen Cochran, Ella Burchard, Sylvia Moore, Ethel Allie, Blanche Ginn, Edgar Rowe, Harold Dawson, Winfield Lewis.

Room No. 5.—Florence Owens, Sophia Clothier, Elsie Jones, Lizzie Holten, Lillie Downey, Maurie Bratton, Clara Whitlock, Alice Sharp, James Downey.

Room No. 6.—Lillian Walker, Florie Blome, Virginia Painter, Lillie Downey, Louise Eichenhofer, Willie Carroll, James Donahoe, Clarence Gear, John Jolla, Merritt Paxton, George Richards, Ringgold Richards, Joseph Kickster, Albert Rupple, Victor Jones, Brutus Goff, Lewy Coombes.

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LITTLE LOCALS.

Everybody is pleased to see the Reynolds store open again.

Kite flying and marbles are the popular amusements with our small boys at present, and to furnish kite-tails and knee caps is a tax upon the time, patience and ingenuity of the big sisters, aunts and mothers.

A Cottage prayer meeting was held by the ladies of the M. E. church at the home of Mrs. George Rose on Wednesday afternoon, especially for "Mother Bratten" who is confined to the house by the infirmities of age.

Prof. Tharp gave an interesting and instructive talk on Eclipse to the pupils of his department Wednesday afternoon. The subject was timely in view of the fact that there will be an eclipse of the moon to-morrow night.

The Ladies of the W. C. T. U. held a mother's meeting at Mrs. V. L. Culbertson Tuesday afternoon. These meetings are arranged for the first and third Tuesday of every month, the next one to be held at Temperance Headquarters March 19.

—Already the crocus, the hyacinth and daffodils, down under the brown earth, are awakening from their winter sleep, and in spite of the "bitter, biting north," the bulbs in our dooryards are showing signs of having heard the voice of Spring, and are peeping through the ground.

The M. E. Sunday School Pays Tribute to the Memory of a Pastor, a Teacher and a Scholar.

BETHESDA Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school held a Memorial service last Sunday afternoon in Memory of a Pastor, Teacher and a Scholar who had passed out during the year. The service was not only original and appropriate but beautiful.

There was a large attendance not only of the school, but many others from the town and community, including those of all denominations, who came to hear the loving tributes paid the life and character of "Our Crowned Ones."

The prayers offered and the music rendered were all in harmony with the occasion; the songs and responses were all in the minor key, and fell gently as a vesper chime upon the bared hearts; soft and sweet and reverent.

Never were the halloing and soothing influences of music more sensibly felt.

The Memorial card prepared for the occasion bore the following inscription:

NICHOLAS MANLY BROWNE, Pastor, Translated, Feb. 9, 1895, Memorial paper by MARTIN B. BURRIS.

MRS. JANIE L. WALKER, Scholar Fell Asleep, Dec. 10, 1894, Memorial Paper by MISS ANNIE P. HAZARD.

EDWARD B. RICE, Teacher, Released Feb. 22, 1896, Memorial Paper by MISS MARY F. BURRIS.

After the reading of the memoirs there were a number of voluntary tributes. The Superintendent, A. G. Cox, expressed in tender terms his esteem and regard for the departed ones. W. E. Wright, Esq., gave a brief but eloquent eulogy of Rev. N. M. Browne. Other tributes were paid by Rev. J. B. Roberts, and W. P. Wilson. Miss Lillie Jones read an appropriate selection.

We give below a few passages from the memoir of Rev. N. M. Brown as given by M. B. Burriss:

It has been said that we dwell not so much upon the activities of the living present, as we do in the fond and hopeful anticipation of what the future may unfold to us, or else in the mournful, though blessed contemplation of memories that come floating down to us from the mystic Isle which we call "The Long Ago," where our hopes and our fears, where our losses and our treasures, all, alike are buried, and toward which we turn with yearning heart and yearning eye, and from which, fond memory, to her duty true, brings back many, very many faded forms to view.

NICHOLAS MANLY BROWNE.

He was my Pastor and I honored and revered him: he was my friend and I loved and trusted him. These words in a measure, express that which is in the mind and heart of every one within the sound of my voice, this afternoon.

The chief characteristic of this great and good man, was that he loved God and all of God's creations and they all knew it.

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as we do in the fond and hopeful anticipation of what the future may unfold to us, or else in the mournful, though blessed contemplation of memories that come floating down to us from the mystic Isle which we call "The Long Ago," where our hopes and our fears, where our losses and our treasures, all, alike are buried, and toward which we turn with yearning heart and yearning eye, and from which, fond memory, to her duty true, brings back many, very many faded forms to view.

We are not here to day to commemorate our bereavement. We are not here to day to call to mind the great loss we have sustained, for a lively sense of these are always with us. But rather, we are here to day to place besides life's toilsome and dusty road, a way mark, humble though our effort, yet a commemorative of our love and devotion to one, about whose life and character, crowd a thousand beautiful memories.

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THE FIRST SONG-SPARROW.

Sunshine set to music!
Hear the sparrows sing!
In his note is freshness
Of the new-born spring.
In his thrill delicious
Sweetness of perfume,
Whiteness of the lily;
Sweeterness of the rose.
Splendor of the sunbeams,
Fragrance of the breeze,
Crystal of the brooklet,
Trickling under trees,
Over moss and pebbles;
Hark! you have them all,
Prophesied and chanted,
In the sparrow's call.
Pilgrim of the tree-tops,
Burdened with a song,
That he drops among us
As he flies along;
Promises and blessings
Scattered at our feet,
Till we sing together:
"Oh, but life is sweet!"
Listen! The sparrow!
Sings ora bird,
Simple joy of singing
In his song is heard.
Somewhere, far in glory,
Loves our life has kissed;
He rewards his rapture.
Heavenly optimist!
Resurrection-singer!
Gladness of the year,
In this Easter carol
Bringing heaven so near
That we may sing it
For the earth apart;
Sing immortal summer
To the wintery heart!
Wife down faith's message
From behind the sky,
Till our aspirations
With the ring and fly!
God is good forever!
Nothing shall go wrong!"
Sunrise set to music:
"Tis the sparrow's song.

THE HOUSEHOLDERS' JUBILEE.

Oh, to think your summer time, with bloom
and leaf, is over!
Talk about your song-birds and your soft sighing breeze;
Your June time may be charming, but it isn't
worth a straw.
Besides the glorious season when the pipes
begin to thaw.
In Winter's parting twilight, just before the
Spring's gay morn,
Comes that jolly, hopeful feeling, and you're
glad to say you're born;
The hawks take to the woods, the spigots gur-
gle forth—"Ho-ho!"—
Indoor and out we're happy, when the pipes
begin to thaw.
—Washington Star.

Aunt Peepy's Prize Speaking



THEL went int

the house by the back way, took her schoolbook on a kitchen chair and went into the pantry; in a moment she can out eating a big doughnut as she were he

starved. Through a partly open door into the sitting room beyond, she heard her mother and another woman talking. "It's Mrs. Sheldon," thought Ethel. Then her mother called "Ethel, come here!"

With a sigh Ethel swallowed the last of the doughnut and went into the next room. Sitting opposite her dumpling little mother was an elderly, shrewdly dressed woman, knitting. She looked up when Ethel entered, with her head turned sideways, and there was a sharp expression in her small near-sighted eyes.

"Why, it's Aunt Peepy!" said Ethel. The real name way Phoebe; but years ago there had been a little child in the family who had died before her lips could form the true sound and ever since then the old great-aunt's name had been "Peepy."

Ethel glanced appalled into her mother's face, and her mother looked appealingly at her and said: "Aunt Peepy wanted to give us a delightful surprise, dear, and so she didn't let us know she was coming."

Ethel felt a sudden compunction that her greeting had not been cordial and tried to stammer. She kissed her aunt, and then sat down and talked with her, and invited her to her entertainment later in the evening.

"What kind of an entertainment is it?" Aunt Peepy asked.

"Oh," said Ethel, "some of my classmates in the high school who live near by are coming, and we shall speak and sing and have a few charades; then we will have refreshments."

When she found her mother alone in the kitchen, shortly after, Ethel said, impudently: "Oh, Mamma, can't you induce Aunt Peepy to leave off those ridiculous rings and that big yellow water chain? I could stand everything else, even her coarse way of speaking."

Ethel's mother went and closed the kitchen door and then came back to her work of mixing teacakes for supper, and she told Ethel something about Aunt Peepy that made Ethel always afterwards kind and patient with her and less mindful of her dress and manner.

Ethel's entertainment filled the old lady with wonder and admiration. She talked about it for several days, and said:

"If you young folks went around the country like that, you'd get lots of money."

Then Ethel tried to explain to her that it was only ordinary talent they showed, such as was possessed by boys and girls everywhere who had their advantages, but Aunt Peepy would obstinately shake her head.

The old lady was very proud to go visiting her neighbors with Ethel or her mother. She caused a good deal of comment and gossip in the quiet neighborhood by her showy dress and airy ways; but she was blissfully ignorant of it all.

One day when she and Ethel were on the street on their way home from a short nutting expedition in the near-by woods, she pointed toward a small, unpainted house, and said: "We haven't been visitin' there yet."

"No," said Ethel. "Nobody goes there. Mr. Miner's a kind of shiftless man, and his wife's an invalid; but everybody is so prejudiced against the Miners that they won't give much substantial assistance. And, anyway,

a girl about my age; but she's had to stay home from school so much that she's quite backward, and she isn't nice, either. People dislike them, not because they are poor but because they are so disagreeable."

Aunt Peepy squinted her little eyes and parted her lips in discouraged silence for a little while, then she said:

"Well, anyway, I guess if we try real hard we can get a little something. And that could be kept as a starter. Seems if there was always ways to do things when you once get started."

She had gone to outsiders with her plan rather than to her own relatives, thinking the former would prove more helpful, since John had shown himself to be so unsympathetic with the Miners. She was mistaken; for when Ethel told her father of Aunt Peepy's scheme and how hard she was working to bring it about, he said at once, in a cordial way:

"Why, Aunt Peepy, you ought to have come to me, and I'd have helped you out. I don't know when anything has so struck my fancy as that bay window; and we'll have it, if I have to pay for it myself."

In two weeks from the time Aunt Peepy's first move, every man, woman and child in the village were talking of Mrs. Miner's proposed bay window. The daughter Delta and her father had promised strict secrecy, and care was taken that none of the little ones could get access to the invalid. The little people, indeed, were fully as enthusiastic as their older brothers and sisters; and Tommy Waters had a circus in his father's barn one Saturday, admission fee one pint of chestnuts each and the whole were sold at a store in the center, the proceeds going into the bay-window fund.

The invalid simply stared at her. "I thought I'd come to make you a call," said Aunt Peepy, condescendingly, seating herself; then she threw aside her cape, and took off her gloves, and her rings and big watch chain were very conspicuous.

"John Lorry's aunt and on a visit to his folks."

The invalid simply stared at her.

"It's a glorious autumn day," said Aunt Peepy. "You'd just ought to get a sniff of some of this air; 'twould do you good. And the clouds in the west are glo-o-rious—crimson and purple and gold. Just put up that curtain by you and look out."

The sick woman stared amazed at her caller for a few moments, and then sat up straight in considerable excitement, and cried:

"You go right out of my house, you cruel, prying woman, and never come back again!"

Aunt Peepy, amazed, turned her head sideways, studiously squinted her near-sighted eyes, and pursed her lips, as she stood up and looked at the excited woman. Then with a baffled expression, she turned away and went right out of the house.

She told her nephew where she had been and how she had been treated. He was in jumper and overalls in the orchard, picking up apples.

"Sho, Aunt Peepy," he said; "you don't mean to say you've been there? ever not go again. She's a cantankerous woman. They moved here bout year 'n' a half ago, and people were really sorry for her at first; but she insulted about everybody, and now they ave eration; and serve her right. I don't wonder she was kinder evich about that wind-w. 'Tain't a widow you know; only a make-believe."

Aunt Peepy's eyes opened wider than any one would have supposed they ever could.

"Tain't a true widow?" she queried, amazed.

"No. You see when they first come, him, he promised her he'd have one made the next week, and he's been promising ever since. He meant all right enough, but jobs ain't plenty now, and when one comes there's always enough for the money. So it's zone on and on." Then he seemed to consider the subject settled, and Aunt Peepy went away.

"Ethel," said her mother that evening in an anxious voice, "you haven't said anything to hurt Aunt Peepy's feelings, have you?"

"No—why?" asked Ethel.

"Well, she's sat for a whole hour without any knitting or anything, and I spoke to her twice, but she never answered."

The next morning when Aunt Peepy arose she wore a very determined air. She helped Ethel's mother wash the breakfast dishes and get well along with her dinner. Then she went out again; and was gone all the afternoon; and so went for several days.

"Lou," said Mrs. Watkins to her daughter one day, "what is Aunt Peepy doing with you and the other North district young people? And Molly Perkins saw her last week talking with Jim Miner a long time. What is it all about?"

Lou laughed. "Well, I'll tell you, Mother," she said. "I was going to tell you, of course, but we weren't sure at first whether the plan could be carried out. Aunt Peepy has been around after all the young folks who can sing or speak or do anything out of the ordinary, to help her get up an entertainment with an admission fee, the money to be applied to a fund building Mrs. Miner a bay window in her windowless bedroom. She thinks we're smart enough for anything."

Mrs. Watkins stared at her daughter a few moments in silence.

"Well," she said, at last, "and why can't it be done?"

"Oh, guess it can," said Lou, "provided we can get enough people to come. But we are anxious that nothing shall get to Mrs. Miner. Mr. Miner has at last consented—Aunt Peepy won him over; and if everything should come out right, Mrs. Joiner will take Mrs. Miner to board for a few days—till her room is papered and cleaned." And Lou laughed again.

"You have her come right over here," said her mother, indignantly. "I guess I won't want any board money."

"Oh, that wouldn't do," said Lou. "You know how queer she is. She wouldn't go anywhere unless she could board. And Mrs. Joiner boards the North district school-teacher. She might suspect, if she went anywhere else. Besides, Mrs. Joiner won't take but a little pay for it, and didn't want to take any."

Ethel was greatly astonished when it at last reached her ears what her aunt was trying to do. "You mean all right, Aunt Peepy," she said, "but everybody is so prejudiced against the Miners that they won't give much substantial assistance. And, anyway,

how can a little parlor entertainment bring in enough money for such a big undertaking, even if all the village people came at twenty-five cents a head?"

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real hard we can get a little something. And that could be kept as a starter. Seems if there was always ways to do things when you once get started."

She had gone to outsiders with her plan rather than to her own relatives, thinking the former would prove more helpful, since John had shown himself to be so unsympathetic with the Miners. She was mistaken; for when Ethel told her father of Aunt Peepy's scheme and how hard she was working to bring it about, he said at once, in a cordial way:

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